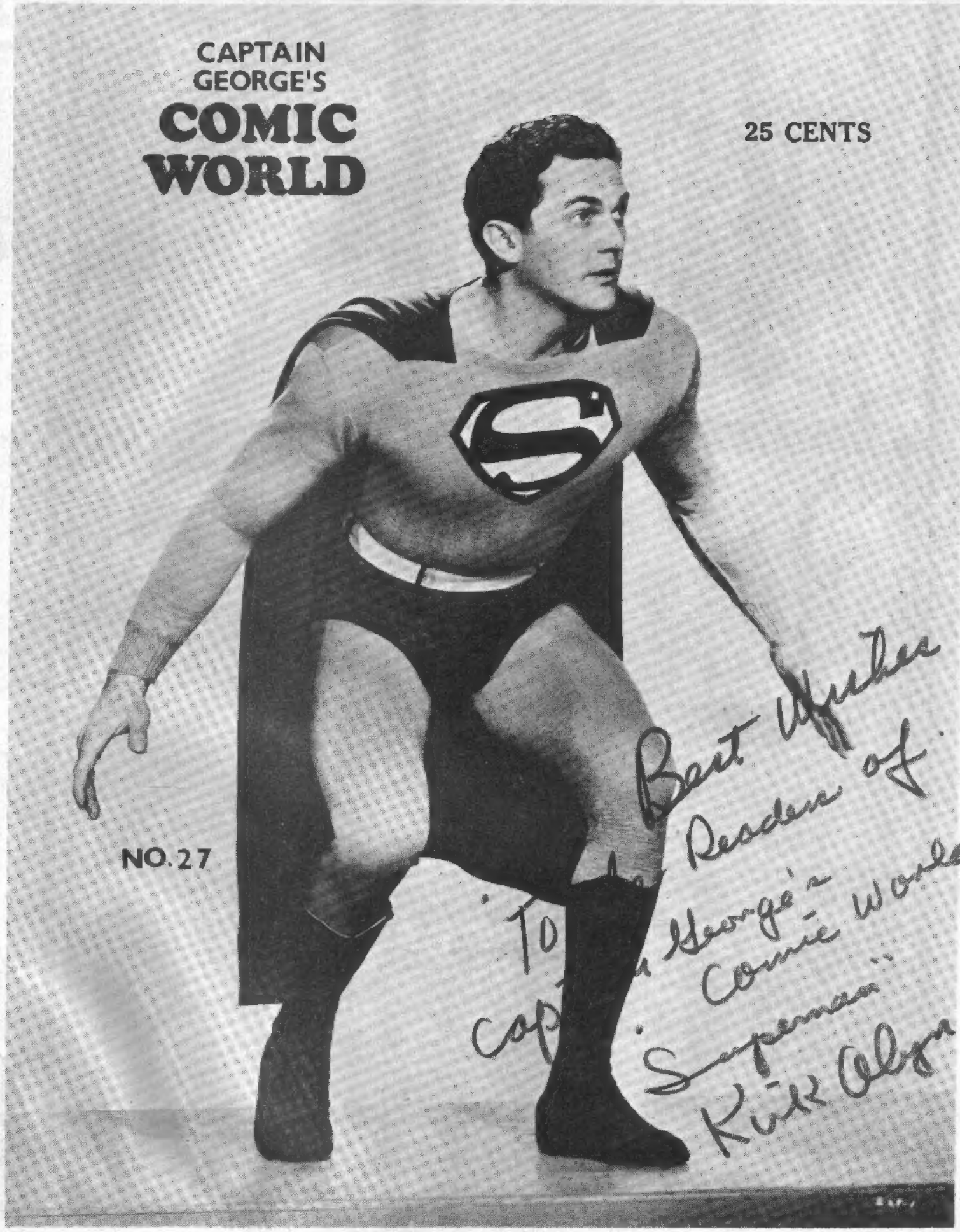
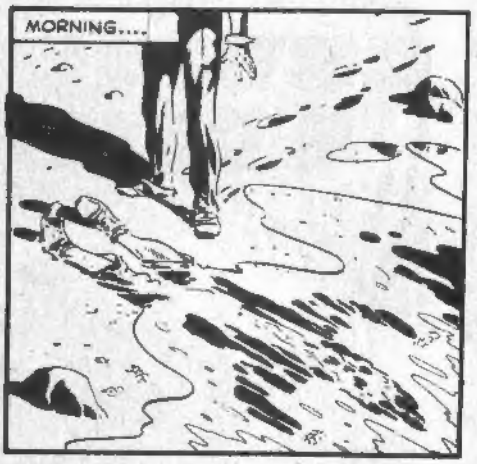

CAPTAIN
GEORGE'S
COMIC
WORLD
25 CENTS
NO. 27
Best Wishes
To
Reader of
Comic World
Superman"
Kirk Alyn

Revealed by the glow of a pipe

Tide washing over a body



WILL EISNER

Shadow rushing over dark water

Will Eisner

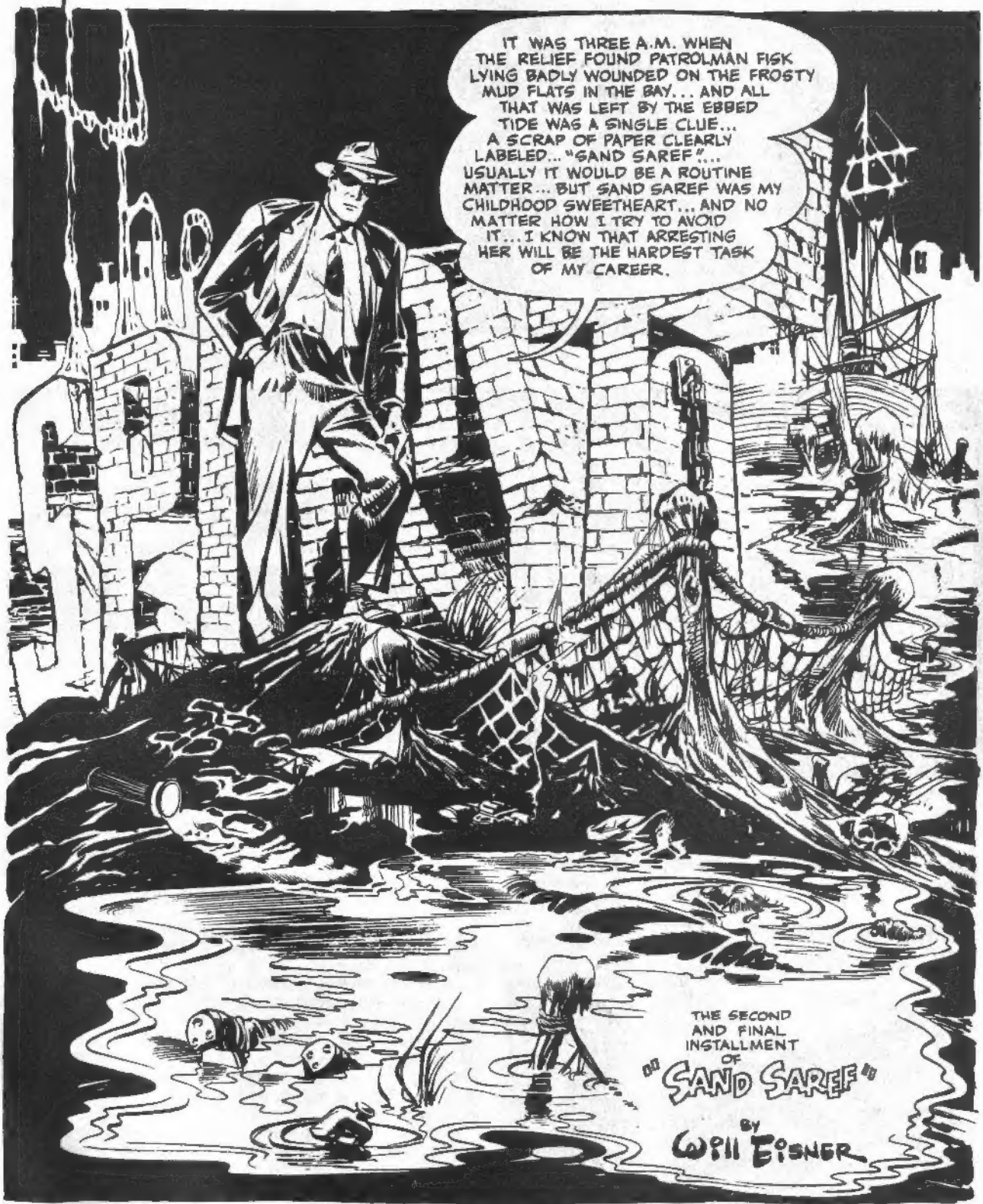
A hundred years from now when they publish a collection of the cartoon masters of the 20th Century, Will Eisner will undoubtedly rank high on the list. Drawing at the age of seven and cartooning his way up through De Witt Clinton High School in New York, Will became a professional just in time to take advantage of the infant comic book business.

Comic books evolved from the depression as a result of printer's reprinting syndicated strips in the comic book format. With the supply of syndicated material becoming exhausted, Will found a market for as many as 20 pages of original cartoons a week in WOW! AND FAMOUS FUNNIES, two of the earliest comic books. Perhaps you remember some of his creations . . . Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, Blackhawks . . . Uncle Sam Comics. The Spirit was created in June 1940.

As you may recall, the bulk and best of Eisner appeared after the war in a syndicated "comic" insert that went by the name of The Spirit Section which promised and delivered Action, Mystery, and Adventure. (On the back page of this section was a feature called Clifford by an obscure young cartoonist named Jules Feiffer). In 1952 the twelve year span of The Spirit came to a close as Eisner concentrated on a publishing business.

While his drawing is often inaccurate and even grotesque, Eisner has a theatrical style second to none, creating a wide range of moods with a polyglot of characters and props, a wildly wandering camera view and in intricate use of light and shade . . . the shadow of a ferry boat rushing over the dark water . . . a face is revealed by the glow of a pipe . . . tide washing over a body on the beach. Eisner is a master of effects.

The story which appears on the following pages is vintage Spirit. It brings in many diverse elements including a view of the Spirit's childhood, plus a look at some of the characters with which Eisner peopled his Spirit strips. Among them are Commissioner Dolan, Sammy, and Sand Saref, the Spirit's childhood sweetheart. If you are an old Spirit fan, enjoy a reunion with the past. If this is your first exposure to The Spirit, even better. Enjoy yourself.


IT WAS THREE A.M. WHEN THE RELIEF FOUND PATROLMAN FISK LYING BADLY WOUNDED ON THE FROSTY MUD FLATS IN THE BAY... AND ALL THAT WAS LEFT BY THE EBBED TIDE WAS A SINGLE CLUE... A SCRAP OF PAPER CLEARLY LABELED... "SAND SAREF"... USUALLY IT WOULD BE A ROUTINE MATTER... BUT SAND SAREF WAS MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART... AND NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO AVOID IT... I KNOW THAT ARRESTING HER WILL BE THE HARDEST TASK OF MY CAREER.
THE SECOND AND FINAL INSTALLMENT OF "SAND SAREF"
BY WILL EISNER

Reprinted from Harvey Kurtzman's HELP! Vol 2, No.1 Feb, 1962.
Copyright 1970 by Will Eisner

continued—

Captain George's Comic World is published by Memory Lane Publications, 594 Markham Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Subscriptions are 10 issues $3. Sold in groups of 10 only.

YOU MAY COME IN NOW, COMMISSIONER. HE'LL LIVE, BUT HE'S VERY LOW...
COUGH COULDN'T SEE MUCH, SIR..HAPPENED SO QUICKLY...THEY WERE DIGGIN' UP A BIG LEADEN BOX... IT WAS IN THE WATER .. LADY AND TWO MEN ... MAN WITH GLASSES SHOT ME..
GET ALL THAT, STENOG?
YES SIR.
GET ME A CITY HARBOR MAP, DOLAN!
HELLO..HARBOR PATROL.. THIS IS THE SPIRIT... ...CHECK THE RECORDS AND TELL ME OF ANY ACCIDENT OR SINKING OFF 34TH STREET ON SOUTH RIVER
MUMBLE MUMBLE ..WAY-PEOPLE ORDER ME AROUND Y'D NEVER KNOW I WAS BOSS... HERE!
YES..YES... WHAT? WHEN... YEAH... NO THANKS... I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I NEED ANY MORE.
F'GOSH SAKES, SPIRIT..SPILL IT! ..WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
A LIBERTY SHIP WAS SUNK THERE SIX YEARS AGO... ITS ONLY CARGO WAS A CAPTURED [illegible] CONTAINING DEADLY VIRUS.. AND THAT WAS WHAT THEY WERE DIGGING OUT OF THE RIVER BED!
MERCIFUL MOTHER MACHREE! AND SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY SOMEONE'S RUNNIN' AROUND LOOSE WITH IT GULP!
AND INDEED.. IN A SUITE OF THE PARK-RITZ HOTEL...
DEAD... IN EXACTLY 20 SECONDS... A HUMAN MIGHT BE ABLE TO HOLD OUT FOR 20... NO MORE

VERY EFFICIENT.. I'LL BUY! OF COURSE, I REPRESENT A VERY POOR LITTLE COUNTRY SO I CANNOT PAY MUCH. ...A HUNDRED THOU...?
TUT-TUT.. YOU BROUGHT A MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH...AND THAT'S EXACTLY HOW MUCH I WANT!
AH... MY DEAR SAND.. YOU ARE AS SHREWD AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL. TOGETHER, YOU AND I ... WE COULD BE RULERS OF MY COUNTRY...
GET OUT, YOU OAF!
SLAM
HA HA... Y'SURE SAID NO!
10..MMM... 20 THOUSAND FOR YOU.
I GET 70 THOUSAND, SAND.. REMEMBER?
YES.. BUT LESS $50,000 FOR THE WIDOW OF THE COP YOU SHOT LAST NIGHT!
WHY YOU...
MY DEAR DR. VITRIOL... I WILL BLOW OUT YOUR MURDERING BRAINS IF YOU STEP ANY CLOSER... IT HAS BEEN NAUSEATING TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU... GOOD DAY!
CLICK
OUTSIDE...A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HERE, BOY... GIVE THIS ENVELOPE TO THE SPIRIT... AT HEADQUARTERS...
YES'M... THANKS.
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
50 G's...WHEW! NOTE SAYS..." FOR THE WIDOW OF PATROLMAN SHOT EARLY TODAY..." HEY SPIRIT...
C'MON, SAM.. THIS IS THE BREAK WE NEED! ..WHAT HOTEL DID SHE COME OUT OF?
COMMISSIONER DOLAN

A FEW MINUTES LATER.. THE HOTEL ROOM AT THE PARK-RITZ..
THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS ROOM CHECKED OUT HOURS AGO...
O.K.. BEAT IT! I'LL JUST NOSE AROUND... SAND SAREF ENGAGED THIS ROOM YESTERDAY
HMM... SHE MUST HAVE LEFT SOME CLUE.. NO ONE EVER LEAVES A HOTEL ROOM WITHOUT FORGETTING SOMETHING.
AHA... THAT JAR.. WITH A DEAD RAT IN IT!
!
KILL HIM... KILL HIM QUICKLY!
WISE GUY, EH?
Grrrrrrrr!! FINE BODYGUARD I'VE NO TIME TO WAIT FOR YOU!
HEH HEH.. SAND MAY HAVE SOLD THE VIRUS FORMULA.. BUT WITH THIS DEAD RAT I CAN MAKE MORE!
FUNNY.. I SAW THE OTHER GOON HEAD DOWN..
CLICK
OW!
BANG BANG
SPIRIT!! ...I STUCK HERE LIKE YOU SAID...
...A MAN JEST RAN OUTTA THE ALLEY AND JUMPED INNA CAB... HE'S GOIN' TO 34TH STREET PIER.. I HEARD HIM TELL THE TAXI DRIVER.
GOOD WORK, SON! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON THE BALL SINCE I STARTED THIS CASE!

THE WATERFRONT... PIER 34TH STREET, TO BE EXACT... IN A SHROUD OF SWIRLING EVENING FOG ...TWO MEN AND A WOMAN CAUTIOUSLY MOVE A SEAPLANE FROM ITS CLEVER CONCEALMENT...
SHE'S READY, SIR... WE'D BETTER TAKE OFF BEFORE THE HARBOR PATROL STARTS ITS ROUNDS.
FINE, PILOT!

WELL, SAND?.. SORRY I MADE THAT PASS AT YOU.. BUT WHAT I OFFERED STILL GOES... WEALTH.. POSITION.. POWER..
..EH?
NO SALE.. THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE ..THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED FOR ALL THESE YEARS... I'M BACK HOME AND I'D LIKE TO STAY!.. SIGH.. MAYBE I'LL SETTLE DOWN IN A SMALL TOWN.. EVEN MARRY SOME GUY WHO'LL OVERLOOK MY PAST..

BANG BANG
EH... WHAT'S THAT?
SHOTS! SOMEONE'S RUNNING THIS WAY...
CAN'T SEE... SO FOGGY..

O.K, SPIRIT.... I KNOW Y'R TRAILING ME... I HEARD Y'R FOOTSTEPS.. EVEN IF I CAN'T SEE YOU, I'LL KEEP SHOOTING TILL I HIT YOU!
FIRE
BANG
BANG
BANG
CLUB

B-BETTER COME OUT ..I'VE KKKILLED SSSMARTER MEN!!

AHA..
BANG
BANG

?
UH OH!
SAND... WAIT!! IT'S ME.. DR. VITRIOL
5

LOOK HERE VITRIOL.. YOU WERE PAID WELL NOW MAKE YOUR OWN GETAWAY!
PUFF PUFF I AM! PUFF ABOARD YOUR PLANE. DO YOU THINK I'D SETTLE FOR A MEAGLY $20,000?
YOU'VE GOT THE EXPERIMENTAL GUINEA PIG.. YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!
EXACTLY MY DEAR SAND! AND I'LL SELL IT ELSEWHERE FOR A FATTER PROFIT... DON'T MOVE..ANY OF YOU!
THE SPIRIT!
MM. VERY CONVENIENT ...GET IN THE PLANE, PILOT I'LL JOIN YOU AS SOON AS I FINISH THEM BOTH.
YEEOW!
THAT'S NOT NICE...
TSK TSK... GETTING SO A MAN CAN'T TURN HIS BACK ON ANYONE!
SO..AT LAST I MEET THE NOTORIOUS SAND SAREF!
DON'T BE COY WITH ME, SPIRIT. ALL THESE YEARS AND A MASK DON'T FOOL ME...DENNY COLT!
YOU'VE GOT A LONG MEMORY, SAND...
OH SHUT UP WITH THE SHARP TALK AND HOLD ME..TIGHT.. DENNY.. TIGHT.

LIFE'S KICKED YOU ABOUT, DENNY.... A SCAR HERE AND THERE..THE MASK....
FIGHTING CRIME ALL THESE YEARS AS "THE SPIRIT".. I...AH, BUT YOU! YOU'VE BECOME A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ...

I HATE TO INTRUDE ON SUCH A SOUL-SEARING SCENE...BUT THERE'S AN ARMY OF COPS COMING..
OH LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SAND STAY HERE, WE'LL..

NO... NO DICE, DENNY... A LITTLE WHILE AGO I'D HAVE JUMPED AT THE OFFER, BUT I SEE NOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. YOU'RE A COP, AND YOU'D HAVE TO TURN ME IN... I'M TOO DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THIS.. ALL I ASK IS A FIVE MINUTE HANDICAP.
SURE ...BUT SAND..

BUT MMFFFF
WE'LL MEET AGAIN... AND MAYBE NEXT TIME..
C'MON SAND, C'MON!

HEY!... HALT!
LOOK... THERE'S THE SPIRIT!

CAREFUL WITH THAT BOX..IT'S FULLA GERMS!
GREAT WORK, SPIRIT... WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AT HEADQUARTERS..SAMMY TIPPED US OFF!
WHO'S THAT, IN THE PLANE?
FORGET IT, DOLAN.. FORGET IT.

END

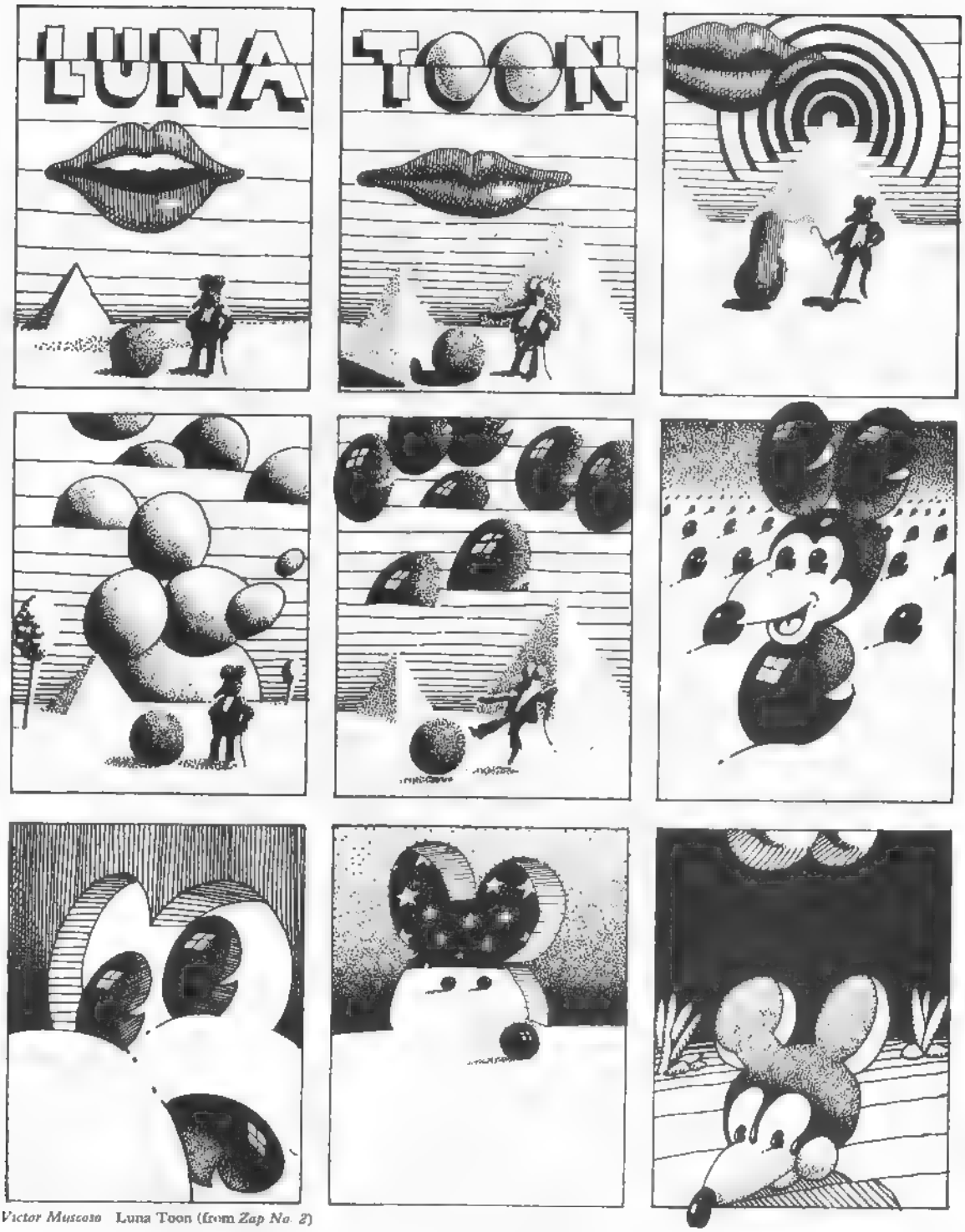
S. Clay Wilson The Pirate Dykes Quiz The Captured Demon *(from a portfolio of drawings published by San Francisco Comic Book Co, March 1969)*

SMUT

for

LOVE, ART, SOCIETY

DAVID ZACK



Victor Musceio Luna Toon (from *Zap No. 2*)

IN THE PAST two years I've smoked ceramic pipes shaped like cats, hippopotami, salamanders, Fallopian tubes, abstract beasts.

The only pipe that's been too much for me was offered by S. Clay Wilson. When I walked through the garage door that leads to his basement apartment at the top of a hill in the south part of San Francisco, Wilson offered an unglazed pipe shaped like a penis. Suck smoke through the head.

The drawings Wilson makes are like his pipe. They're also tremendously imaginative, done with a hand as skilful as, say, Picasso's. They're funny as can be, enigmatic and blatant at the same time.

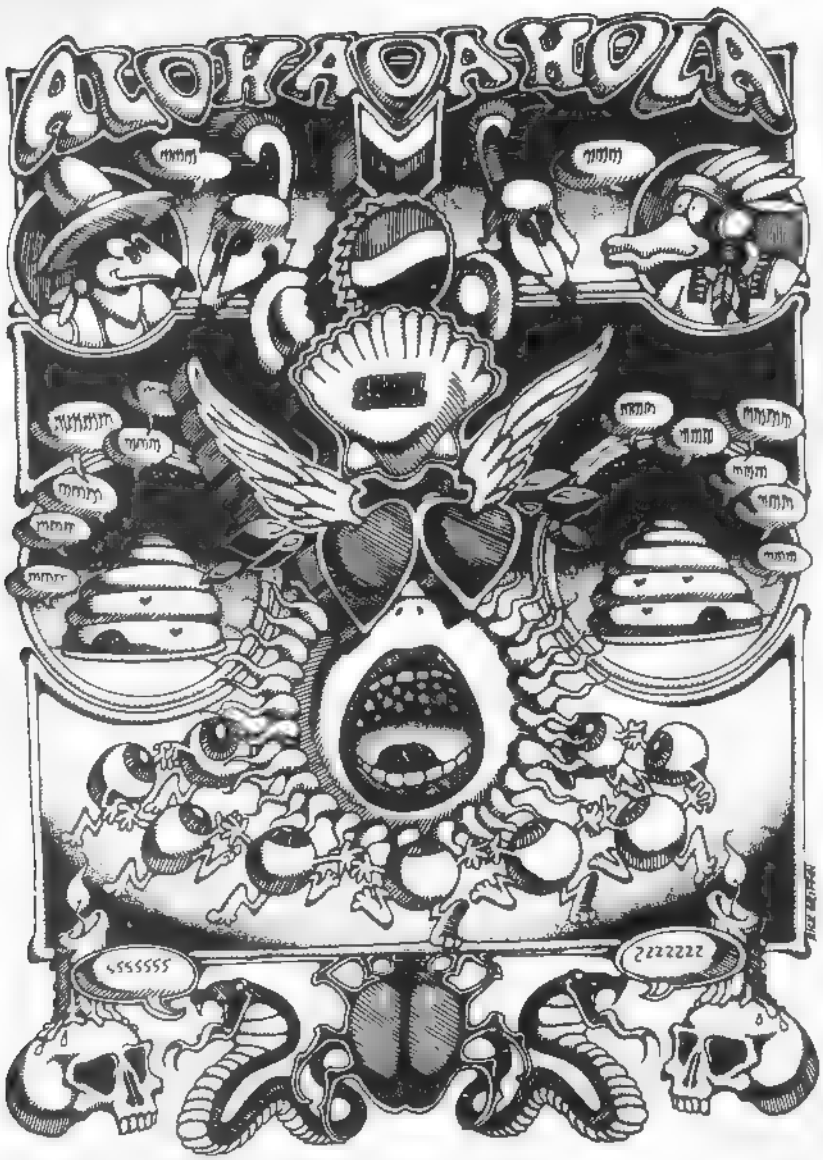
Wilson came west from Kansas. Spent five postgraduate years working as a model in art classes. He got to know everyone involved in art in Kansas, from professors to the owners of psychedelic variety stores. Wilson has drawings that date from junior high school days, close to fifteen years ago. Done in the same precise detail as his new versions of motorcycle perverts, fag and dyke pirates, hung-up midwestern intellectuals.

He's received offers to illustrate classy Parisian pornography. A folio of his drawings is selling underground.

Yet old-time pornography isn't where Wilson's work is at. Like the pipe, Wilson's work pushes convention rather than meeting it.

Pornography is smut for smut's sake, and money's. Wilson and the other people are doing smut of a different stamp. Smut for art's sake. More likely, smut for society's sake.

The veil is off. When I was a kid in the midwest, in the late forties, eight-pagers



Rick Griffin Alohaahola (from *Zap No. 2*)

made the rounds. Someone would snitch one from his father's bureau, where it was kept hidden from mother under a large carton of condoms.

Eight-pagers featured such standard cartoon characters as Popeye the Sailor and Superman. They have huge penises, which they slip out of their pants at every chance. Eight-pagers as I recall them depicted nothing very complex in the way of sexual practice. They were drawn minimally. They sold for several dollars. Apparently pretty well, since there were lots around, and not just in my part of the country.

I suppose eight-pagers roused old men. At 12 or 13, they just seemed strange to me.

Yet they were illegal. Thought of as downright immoral. They were the sort of thing the vice squad would confiscate once in a while. To the accompaniment of outraged cries from citizens eager to protect their innocent kids from dirty sex. Of course without sex . . .

Much water has passed under the bridge of laws since the late 40s. Stag films are a wide-open thing now. Hollywood has come a long way since an innocent actress first said the word 'Virgin' in *The Moon is Blue*. Sexual promiscuity is the public standard, if not practice.

ZAP, SNATCH and JIZ comics are sold over the counter in San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland. The hundred copies which got to New York disappeared in five minutes.

There are reports of busts. One concerns the Print Mint, in Berkeley. Police came, studied ZAP intensely, vanished looking for a warrant. When they came back the thousand copies had already been sold.

Pornography laws still stand on the books of all states. But court decisions have increased the need for accusers to demonstrate works have no redeeming aesthetic value.

If the matter comes to a fair trial, it would be easy to show ZAP, SNATCH and JIZ have all sorts of aesthetic value.

They do depict varied sex and sado-masochistic acts. Nasal intercourse, for example. Clubbing and spanking with king-sized penises. Sexual intercourse between old men and young girls. Between men and men, women and women. Between demons and other beasts and human beings.

One of Wilson's better strips shows a man and woman examining different parts of a monster masturbating. The woman recognizes the creature's jism at the top of the strip. She strips herself, to enjoy it better. The man's a bit bothered. But the two walk from panel to panel. Finally, like blind men feeling around an elephant, they've appreciated the whole thing.

Man drags girl off. She doesn't mind too much. The monster, with a luminous grin, goes on masturbating.

Another strip, 'Heads First', was the first to really catch my attention when I looked at SNATCH 2. One pirate asks another, very politely, for a look at his crank.

The second pirate stops drinking rum. He's glad to oblige. In fact, he says he has the biggest crank on the ship. He's proud to show it off.

'When I pop', he says, 'it fills *buckets*'.

The curious pirate pulls quite a surprise. He lops off the ship's biggest crank with a fast cleaver.

Naturally the crank's owner is so horrified his eyeballs crackle. The chopper takes a bit. Says calmly, 'The head tastes best'.

Maybe this strip would hit some people so hard they wouldn't read further. Pity. There's an equally good ordure throwing story in the same issue.

Perhaps you'd blench at a depiction of a blasé existentialist at a cocktail party getting 'Seven fine blow-jobs while I was sitting here on this couch'. Maybe the Hells' Angels antics are more than you can stand. Or you don't like graphic depictions of pirates sticking knives in each other, biting organs of both sexes.

Then 'The Hatchet Man' would probably appeal to you. Wilson published this three panel strip in YELLOW DOG, a newspaper of new comics published 'as weekly as possible' in Berkeley since late 1968.

First panel: a crowd of ordinary 1940ish Americans bursting from a door followed by a flood of blood. Second panel: fellow with eyes bulging (looks a lot like Wilson's speed freaks) says 'Father . . . look in that room . . .' Father's bald and turtle-necked, an intellectual: 'I know I know . . .'.

In the room is Benjamin Franklin, benignly chopping with his boy scout hatchet. Blood is spurting from between the legs of a hanging figure very adroitly balanced by a taut rope. Old Ben's masturbating – naturally!

The allusion is obviously to D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classical American Literature*. Lawrence rode Franklin for his quaintly prudent thoughts on sex, or venery. Imagine, screeched Lawrence, budgeting your love-life.

Which seems to be one of the main ideas that animate Wilson and cohorts, though in few strips is the idea expressed explicitly.

These San Francisco comic book creators are part of what underground newspapers refer to as the revolution.

The underground newspapers are a long way from art, usually. A lot of good things go into them. But their total effect is more like masturbation than love between humans

ZAP, SNATCH and JIZ have the strongest feeling of unity of any of the new comics. They form a totality. Most important, they fit in the world as I see it. A crazy enough world with more than enough beauty to balance the bother.

These APEX comics all use sex. They use it imaginatively, more like an artistic device than a come-on. Of course people buy SNATCH for the sex. But it works to make you laugh and feel, not as a poor cheap substitute for the real thing.

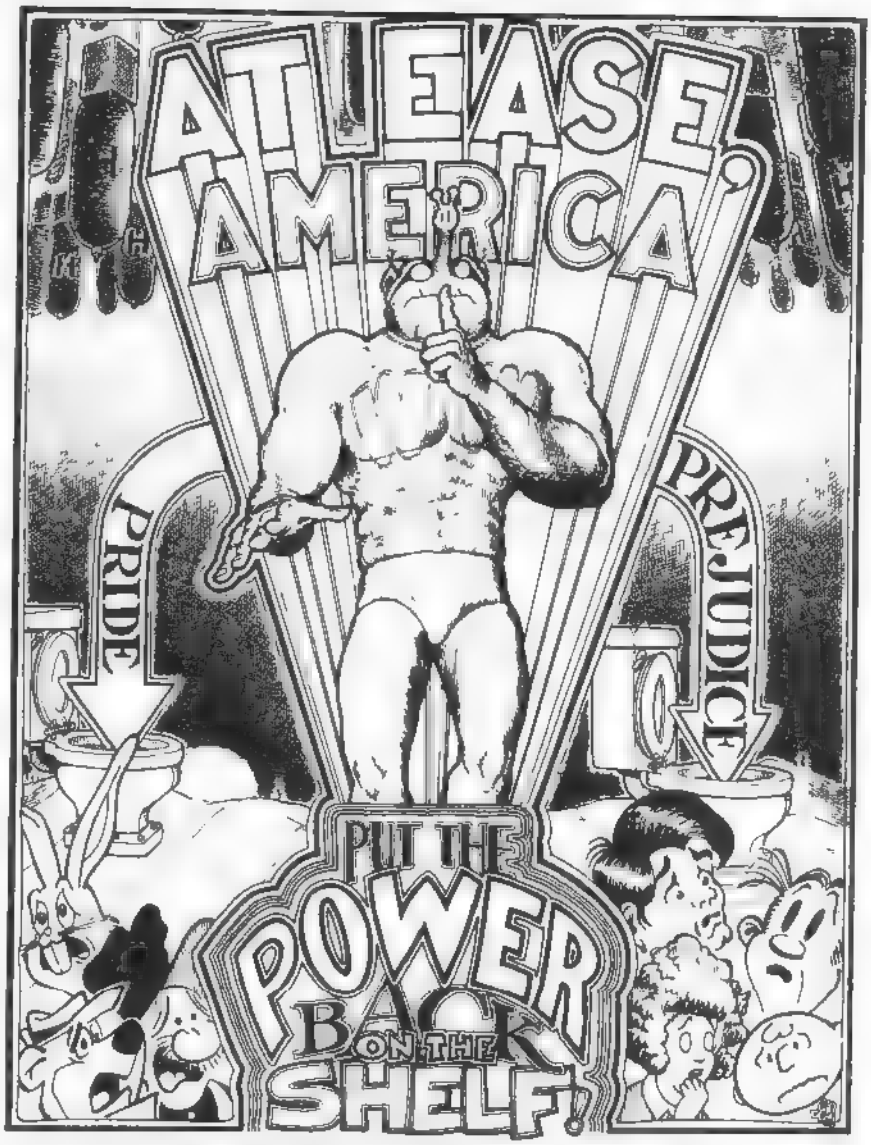
Griffin, Shelton, Crumb, Moscoso and Wilson all seem to treat sex as a phenomenon about as fascinating as the sight gags, verbal puns, snappy plots and space games the comics they make are full of. One contributor to SNATCH and JIZ, who signs himself R.H. and R. Hate, seems pretty hung up. His style is reminiscent of Ensor, but gorier.

Wilson explains R.H. makes good contrast to the others. 'He has a real old fashioned high school mentality. So the rest come across for what they are'.

ZAP, SNATCH and JIZ are the strongest and most unified new comics. The artists who draw for them also contribute to such comics as FEDS 'N' HEADS (published in Austin, Texas), BIJOU (printed in San Francisco for artists who live in Chicago), YELLOW DOG (a newspaper published in Berkeley 'as weekly as possible'), RADICAL AMERICA (the SDS journal turned to comics), GOD NOSE (a Feifferesque religious organ drawn as long ago as 1964 by a theologian who signs his work 'Jaxon').

ZAPS O and I are closer in spirit than 2 and 3 to other comics published around the country. Robert Crumb held them together, with light editorial style introductory strips to emphasize that the publications are serious efforts to communicate ideas and feelings about the emerging new culture.

ZAP O's introduction has a Crumb-like 'MR. Sketchum' who claims 'ZAP comics will contain all the latest in humor! Audacious! Irreverent! Provocative! You bet!'



Gilbert Shelton At Ease America (from *Feds 'n' Heads*)

He focuses on a wall of skyscrapers. A dot turns out to be moving: 'It's a kid! And he's waving to Us from all the way over there. Must be miles! Isn't that amazing?'

Then the punchline: 'Things like that are happening all the time in these comic strips . . .'.

Last page of ZAP O is an ad for marijuana: 'You don't need a "shrink" to flush out karmic congestion! GET STONED! A modern miracle . . .'.

In the introduction to ZAP I Crumb claims 'The truth is, I'm one of the world's last great medieval thinkers . . . you might say I'm a mad scientist, for my plans have all been worked out quite methodically . . . logically . . . this comic book is part of that plan . . . but you've read too much already . . . I have you right where I want you . . .'.

Last panel is a maniacal eyeball and a beckoning claw: 'So, Kitchee-koo, you bastards!'

No more introductions, until SNATCH hits the stands:

'The editors sincerely hope that our readers will get all hornied up looking at this book and proceed to the nearest piece o' real-live poontang!'

Or as SNATCH 2 puts it:

'JERK OFF WITH SNATCH COMICS!'

The move is away from self-consciousness, you might say. Actually the self-consciousness just gets deeper.

What happened with the advent of Wilson is both simple and surprising. New comics left the area of self-conscious art and boomed into popular culture.

ZAP and SNATCH can be enjoyed by people who ordinarily have nothing to do with art. They get passed from department to department at the California Division of Public Works. They're read by straights as much as by hippies, by entertainers more than by intellectuals. Old comic buffs love 'em. School kids pass them around.

They use all the old forbidden words,

A PAIR OF NICER TITS I AINT SEEN FOR A WEEK
GO AHEAD.. SQUEEZE 'EM
I WILL I WILL
IM JUST A DWARF BUT I LOVE TO SUCK ON BIG MELON-LIKE TITS
THEY ARE NICE
I'LL PULL MY TOP DOWN... SUCK AWAY MY DWARF
I LOVE TITS I LOVE TITS I LOVE TITS TITS
EXTOSE

S. Clay Wilson Tit Tales (from *Snatch No. 2* January 1969)

and images stronger than the smuttiest beaver movies could manage. They carry sexual fantasies past the point of absurdity.

Griffin constantly plays with palindromes – God-dog, live-evil, AAA, OXO Of course artists and composers are involved with this kind of mental game. But with ZAP and SNATCH a reader who ordinarily would reject mental games can get turned on enough by the smut to study the fantasy. Moscoso's puns are completely non-verbal. Both Griffin and Moscoso are visionary artists, not satirists. Scarabs escape a world of ego-eyeballs chopping each other apart, and rise toward the mystic deity Abraxas up in the clouds

Yet Socrates was hemlocked for a crime very close to pornography. Pornography turns you on. And what's more pornographic than a communicated vision?

These comics bring *that* kind of pornography to a public that ordmarily wouldn't rise much above the Ed Sullivan Show.

At present ZAP and SNATCH aren't being pushed commercially, though they get gobbled up as soon as they hit the stand. The 50 cent price is more than the 12 cents charged for kids' comics. But it's not an art price or even a standard pornography price.

Crumb was distressed that Viking Press edited some of his cartoons for national circulation. He's said to have sworn to have nothing to do with the Establishment distribution system.

Though ZAP and SNATCH haven't been given the big build-up, their influence is already enormous. Hundreds of new comics are in the process of being launched, or have just been published. Many artists far more involved in the art scene (schools, museums and the rest) are in comics

The best of these, is HAIRY WHO comics. They've been published regularly since 1965 by a group of artists who show mainly at the Hyde Park Art Centre in Chicago. The HAIRY WHO people have been recognized in museum shows in the Midwest and in a group show at the San Francisco Art Institute. HAIRY WHO comics sell for about a dollar.

HAIRY WHO, and other art comics, get published by people more involved with art movements than popular culture. HAIRY WHO uses colour in a more unusual way than ZAP, borrowing from and inspiring the poster makers. The Chicago group prints on slick paper instead of the chewable, toilet paperable comic pulp.

Its pornography is soft-core. HAIRY WHO isn't drawn as well as ZAP, or for that matter as such straight strips as PRINCE VALIANT, DICK TRACY, or GORDO. It politely or cooly avoids statement, except for occasional soft satire such as the gangster-suited character on the cover of one issue (undated), whose word-balloon says 'I'm Juan Dollar'.

Juan Dollar is the price of the comic. He's smoking a log-cabin pipe and stepping on a turd labelled 'Foot Stool'. Ho Ho! The smoke from the pipe spells the title, HAIRY WHO.

To make the point more hazily clear, the word *Smoke* makes the title look like an ad. You realize how close the sound of HAIRY WHO is to that famous American herb, marijuana.

A number of San Francisco based artists, who teach at schools or even direct them, show in museums, the whole art bit, are emulating HAIRY WHO.

Fred Martin, director of the San Francisco Art Institute. Robyn Martin, sculptress of aluminum rumps, specimen bottles, feathered suits (no relation to Fred). Norman Stiegelmeyer, the neat and gory prize-winning fantasy painter of great local renown. There's even talk of an All-Girl comic book, by woman artists from the Bay Area.

SNATCH of course, but without much ZAP and practically no JIZ. The artier comics do what artists have been doing all along. They explore areas of personal interest and maybe even pure thought. Ron Allen's END OF THE RAINBOW describes a motorbike trip the artist took in the country with his girl. How they ended up sleeping under a rainbow on a large rock shaped like a Big Cow. The lines are brown on rich paper.

The world could use an unlimited number of such little personal poems, priced at a nickel or so. MOONCHILD COMICS, published by Nicola Cuti in Valley Stream, New York, fits the category. A black and white fantasy of multi-levelled puns and warped pop cliches like PLAYBOY breasts and child sex, with no thought of appealing to people who don't have special interest in art and thought.

These comics feel light and good. They encourage such virtuous pastimes as touring, meditation, lovemaking.

Among S. Clay Wilson's friends and a growing group of San Franciscans, personal comics are being made without thought of being printed or treated as A.R T. These co-operative instant comics, which Wilson calls *Jomos*, are a more productive social pastime than just smoking P.O.T.

Two to five people fold two sheets of standard 8½ by 11 stationery, or one sheet of legal sized paper. They make as many 12 or 16 page books as there are people. A letter-opener helps. So does a stapler, though Jomos can be stitched together with coloured thread.

Each person starts a *Jomo*. This usually means inventing a few characters and initiating a story. Whenever anyone feels like a change, he asks someone to trade. Within an hour or two or three a book is filled with a cooperative comic. Sometimes *Jomos* take the place of letters. The trading back and forth is done by mail, like postal chess but more personal.

Since Wilson brought *Jomos* to the Bay Area in 1968, *Jomos* have been taken up by high school classes, even nursery schools. The earliest *Jomos*, invented by an anonymous itinerant Kansan with an I.Q. of 197 and tire-soled mocassins which he wears on his hands, contain clippings from magazines as well as drawing and writing.

The ones by experienced artists usually tell a tale like kids' comics, but rather subtler. They also develop into

capping contests, where each participant tries to show how much funnier and sharper he can be.

One of these *Jomos* saw print in ZAP 3. In the three page strip, called Atomic Comics, there are various shenanigans involving switches from the different sorts of reality that seem natural to different ZAP artists. At the end a sphinx with a body like a lion and head like a very hairy vagina reclines enticingly in a small cave. This is just after an episode in which a clique of giant chickens prepares to gang-bang a nymphomaniac complete with talking clitoris.

'Sock it to the Snatch-faced Sphinx, Ace', goes the caption. The next frame a pair of argyle socks dangles out of the snatch. A more than somewhat subtle allusion to a famous barnyard joke whose punchline is 'Throw the guy a rope'.

'A Hard Act to Follow' floats in the air nearby.

Jomo, as I mentioned, is Mojo turned around. Mojo is nothing more or less than charm, a way for people to have intimate conversations without formal acquaintance. Many *Jomos* turn into pointed exchanges, of the sort one would look for in a group encounter session, or at a Synanon meeting.

It takes an artist to find an objective correlative to experience, said T. S. Eliot long ago. If art comics like HAIRY WHO are more art than pop, *Jomos* are more often human than art. SNATCH and ZAP are still someplace else.

Where? They show evidence of a lot of listening to radio serials and some watching kids' TV shows. Characters like Crumb's Mr. Natural, Shelton's Philbert Desanex, Wilson's pirates and angels get to seem familiar as Batman, Superman, Tarzan.

Even lines from SNATCH and ZAP stand out. They get picked up and used as conversational catchwords like Superman's 'Up, Up and away!'

A few:

'Take that you bilge rat!'

'Perhaps Pissgums and Fatima came to some conclusions before they went under with the ship.'

'Dope? Definitely!'

'But, life goes on and things change . . .'.

ZAP and SNATCH do more than take pop images as high art material, à la Warhol, Indiana, Lichtenstein, Ramos, Thibaud. They extend the scope of popular art. A Yellow Submarine, Beatles, Dylan sort of thing. But starting deeper, in the dresser drawer instead of the discotheque.

There are already magazines to which contributors to kids' comics send their more advanced work. One is WITZEND, published in New York by the Steve Rose Bimmler Society.

Besides adventure and fantasy comics too heavy to make the Sunday papers, WITZEND has been serializing Reed Crandell's new illustrations for the interplanetary fantasies of Edgar Rice Burroughs, complete with very skilfully drawn and equally well-proportioned nude Martian princesses about to be ravished by monsters with tusks growing into their bulging eyeballs.

I'm Juan Dollar (from *Hairy Who*)

It would be hard to over-estimate the effect of kids' comics on American culture. A large proportion of intelligent kids are totally absorbed in comics sometime between the age of 6 and 16. Comics like SPIDERMAN, CAPTAIN MARVEL, and even the teen-books on the order of ARCHIE are as full of Jungian archtypes as any dream or primitive myth. E.C. COMICS, a series which died out in the early fifties, were as bizzare as the works of Sade or 14th century Flemish altar pieces depicting the more ornate tortures inflicted on suspected heretics.

Comics have been used to sell electricity, teach birth control, and inform the world about dope. The medium is so multi-layered, something as simple as a lesson or moral always gets lost among other implications of the strips.

ZAP and SNATCH are definitely for adults. Kids seem to like them. One can see them paving the way for greater popular involvement with free fantasy. Or at the least, one can see them raising the level of America's pornography to the point where, as happened in Sweden, pornography must cease to exist. Not cease to exist? Well, stop being illegal. What would pornography for love not money be but a changed basis for civilization?

THE SPIRIT OF THE COMICS...

JOAN C. SIEGFRIED

COMIC STRIP FRAGMENTS first began to appear with noticeable frequency in the 1950s as parts of those collages surfacing with that period's so-called Neo-Dada attitude. The juxtaposition in one composition of unpredictable items is an organizational principle basic to collage and, especially, to assemblage, the movement that peaked in the Museum of Modern Art's *Art of Assemblage* exhibition held in the autumn of 1961. The assemblagists' precedent could have been Marcel Duchamp, who in his *Why not Sneeze* of 1921 combined a bird cage, marble cubes resembling lumps of sugar, and a thermometer in a context that was meaningless from a representational point of view. He did so in order to deny the possibility of a rational interpretation and by so doing release a new meaning. Yet, if composition in terms of the fortuitous combination of things had its roots in Dada, it became one of the most important devices of Dada's successors, the Surrealists.

It is generally agreed that the catalyst for the Assemblage movement in California was Wallace Berman, an isolated visionary of poetic sensibility, who knew the Beat poets in Los Angeles. In 1947 he began to make hard, naive drawings with bizarre, vulgar themes taken from the underground world of the jazz musician and the dope addict. While working in a furniture factory during 1949, he started to add bits and pieces from the factory to his drawings, together with photographs and words. Upon his discovery of a verifax machine, he heralded the Pop artists' experiments with mechanically reproduced, multiple images.

Two artists might be mentioned here because they arrange identically sized panels or vignettes in rows or grids to emulate the comic strips' discontinuous action. San Francisco based Gerald Gooch's *The Teacher* contains two horizontal rows comprised of four vignettes apiece. Each illustration represents the same young man and young woman, seated on straight-backed chairs facing one another, at eight different moments in the course of a banana eating lesson. Chicago dweller Christina Ramberg organized a painting into sixteen panels four across and four down. In every square there appears, from the back, a head of long black hair, but pulled or patted by a hand in a different way each time. The flat black and flesh colours, and the quick, short-hand drawing, complete the comic strip look. Here, too, one might include Ray Yoshida who cuts out, say, heads seen from the back, or perhaps clothes, from comic books and pastes them up one after another in long row upon row. The effect of mass anonymity given off by these constantly reiterated stylizations is unquestionably witty.

R. B. Kitaj has lived in London since 1958, and there he began to create with both paint and pasted memorabilia – old photographs, newspaper clippings, and pages from books. Although he set up no consistent programme, his repertory revolved around the political left. However, his intent was not so much to demonstrate a political partisanship as to reveal that certain radical ideas persist even though societies, ruled by governments of the left as well as right, seek to suppress them. To bring visual coherence to the images and ideas that are the data for a variety of complex associations, Kitaj establishes some sort of grid about which he arranges his elements. Here he adopts a comic strip format, and he heightens the reference with his mat surfaces painted with flat, unmodulated primary colours. Kitaj, however, doesn't tell his stories in sequence. The images are shuffled to comply with formal considerations, and the visual jumps provided by these disconnected fragments supplies the spectator with glancing references to the history of the human spirit.

In *Adventures of 'O'* by Seattle's Fred Anderson, the grid is composed of some thirty eighteenth and nineteenth century, doctored prints of different shapes and sizes, wherein objects of war and science, often fantastic, are depicted in spidery lines. The scenes are not sequential, but a round shape does keep recurring, whether as a passenger balloon, an astral body, or cannon balls. This brings to mind the 'O' of the title, which in turn suggests the *Story of O*, published in Paris in 1954 and signed Pauline Réage, although the real author remains unknown. Anderson, by referring to a sado-masochistic account of a woman's enslavement, may also allude to the depressing psychological compulsions evinced in his visual representations.

One of the many pleasures of comic strip reading stems from the inventiveness of word play discovered there. For example, magicians cast their spells by speaking backwards. 'SKCOR KAERB NWOD LLAW!' Zatara would cry. Or all that Captain Marvel needed to become super was to utter the magic word 'SHAZAM!' However, the classics of graphically rendered sounds were @ X # ! those typographical symbols which a former age substituted for four letter Anglo-Saxon words.

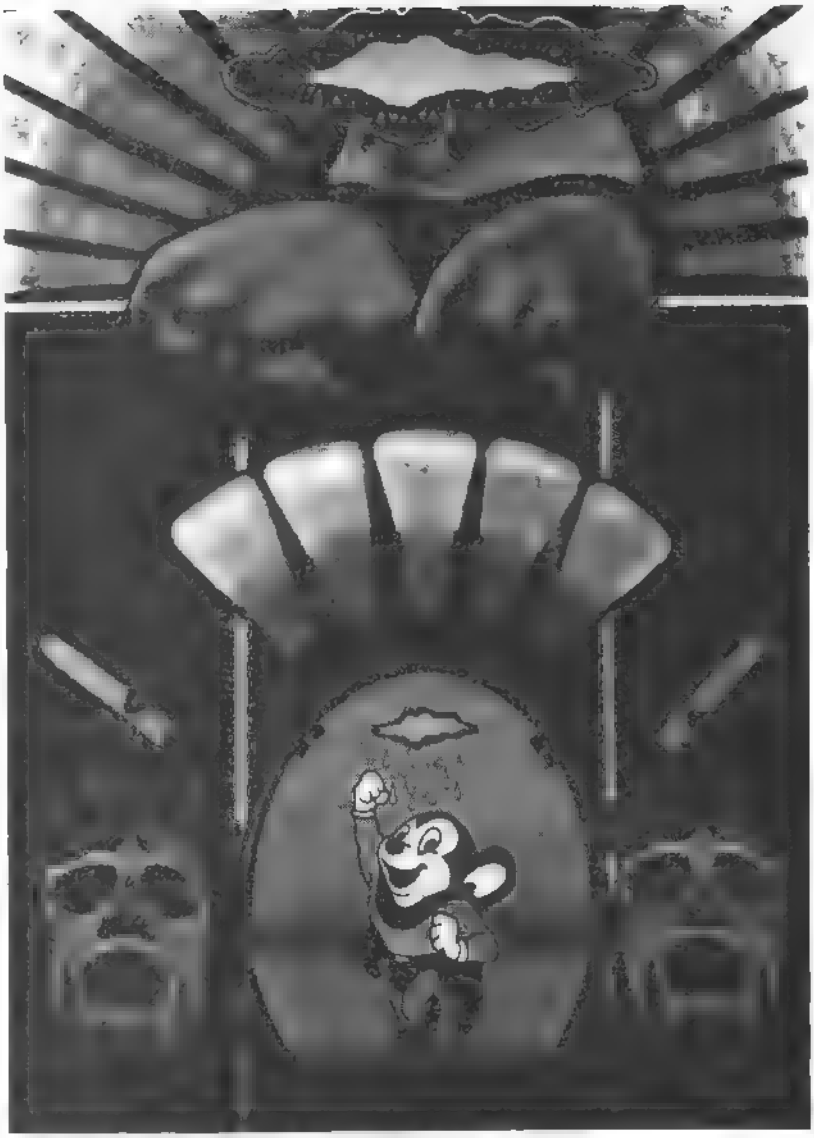
Whereas the first group of artists linked words and images in order to increase a work's associational chances, Roy Lichtenstein, who is eminently representative of those painters intrigued by the comics' formal aspects, is often drawn to their words for the visual patterns they make. In fact, some of his comic strip paintings are virtually all verbal matter. When balloons appear in his pictures, their curving contours are often the key to the composition as a whole, since they set up a rhythm that reverberates through the various other shapes to give the picture its unity. The original titles of his comic strip paintings are usually drawn from the text, as in *'Why, Brad, darling, this*

Of course, the sentimental stories are loaded with passion, infidelity, unrequited longing, and betrayal. The exhibition's *Thinking of Him* offers the visitor a chance to see how Lichtenstein reduces such powerful forces as dreams and erotic anxiety to clichés by the use of the comic strip's conventional form. Unlike others, who refer directly to well known characters, Lichtenstein avoids recognizable heroes, and his pictures become a remarkable expression of the generalizing American experience.

No matter how closely identified they may appear, a Lichtenstein comic strip painting differs from its comic strip model The most dramatic change results from blowing up the small intimate image to a monumental scale, but there are many more. Whereas the comic strip artist's first concern is to depict, not to compose, Lichtenstein's overriding concern is the unification of his shapes. He begins a picture by juggling the shapes of the original to eliminate any dead spaces and by doing away with any lines or objects that might prove disruptive. He rarely uses the same colours as his model, although he limits himself to a few as the printer is forced to do. The screens of minute dots which printers use to blend primary hues and thus achieve secondary colours for the reproduction are not readily apparent to the naked eye. They are much in evidence in Lichtenstein's enlargement, marking a further disassociation from the comic strip panel. This element is so unexpected that it imprints the work with the artist's personality. It also conspires with the outlines to flatten the original's representational space and enhance the painting's decorative quality.

Robert Arneson, like Lichtenstein, isolates and aggrandizes his subject. His *1303 Alice Street Viewed (as if it were a Billboard) From the Corner of L and Alice* 1968, is an outdoor advertising-sized version of his tract house in Davis California, which he has painted with flat colours In two watercolour versions of the same subject he has endowed it with charming additions of stylized dragonflies and rainbow. Chicago's Philip Hanson shares the tendency to isolate images, although he renders his outlined colour shapes in a more painterly fashion. In both *Fan Lady* and *Lady Unveiling* of 1968 the limp forms of a woman's head and shoulders are placed against undefined backgrounds. This strange loneliness, and the fact that the faces are hidden by a fan and a veil respectively, gives the figures a sense of alienation, as well as a strangeness traceable to the Surrealists, who often tore objects out of context in order to renew their evocative power

The work of Edward C. Flood shares with Lichtenstein's that comic strip look derived from precise colour fields and black outlines. However, his subjects are



Ed Paschke Mighty Mask 1969 *oil on canvas* 36" × 24"

Peter Saul High Class San Francisco 1967 *oil on canvas* 64" × 72"
Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York

Andy Warhol Nancy 1961 *acrylic on canvas* 48" × 60"
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Joan C. Karp, New York

James Nutt Sweat Sue 1967 *acrylic on canvas* 34" × 27"
Collection Mr and Mrs Walter Nathan, Illinois

painting is a masterpiece! My, soon you'll have all of New York clamouring for your work!'

This second number of artists, rather than seizing upon the sequential character of the comic strip, tends to fasten on one episode, to isolate it, and in so doing, distil its essence. The path of this emerging attitude often ran parallel with that of Pop Art as it welled up in New York at the end of the fifties. Jasper Johns, who was one of the style's important anticipators when he chose to paint the American flag, targets, and numbers, albeit he still handled the pigment in the Abstract Expressionists' manner, made in 1959 a small painting with a sequence of an *Alley Oop* comic strip pasted to it. By 1959 Andy Warhol was singling out comic strip characters, although he was also painting them in a pictorial way. His blown-up versions of Dick Tracy became Lord and Taylor window displays in 1961. Warhol's 1961 *Nancy*, that past master of one-up-manship and the bane of her beau-catching aunt, Fritzie Ritz, can be seen in the exhibition.

It is Roy Lichtenstein who represents mass produced images in a style which parallels the precision of mass production. However, in 1957 he, too, was painting pictures in an Abstract Expressionist technique, although he soon began to put hidden images of Donald Duck and Bugs Bunny into them. But late in 1960 he was more than willing to please his two little boys by painting *Look Mickey* minus the painterly qualities. It seems that his knowledge of what painters like Johns were doing provided an equal impetus. Even though the artist returned to the expressionist idiom, *Look Mickey's* Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse continued to haunt him, until he painted a series of seven or eight pictures using comic strip conventions. Lichtenstein, who is exceptionally articulate, has stated that 'I had been interested in the comic strip as a visual medium for a long time before I actually used it in a painting. This technique is a perfect example of an industrial process that developed as a direct result of the need for inexpensive and quick colour painting. These printed symbols attain perfection in the hands of commercial artists through the continuing idealization of the image made compatible with commercial considerations. Each generation of illustrators made modifications and reinforcements of these symbols, which then become part of the vocabulary of all. The result is an impersonal form. In my own work, I would like to bend this toward a new classicism'

Gradually Lichtenstein abandoned the stylized images of Donald Duck and Krazy Kat for panels from comic books of the 1950s like *Armed Forces at War* and *Teen Romances*. The romance comic books appeared about the same time as the war comics, as if the publishers had felt a need to expiate the sins of the latter with love.

drawn from the lowest common denominators of popular entertainment. *Flag Day*, 1968, displays that peculiarly American nymphette, the drum majorette, while *First Nighter*, of the same year, raises a red, white, and blue curtain to reveal the nudie of a cabaret show. Flood incorporates comic strip conventions especially in this latter as can be seen in the jagged rays haloing the footlights. These and various other mechanistic patterns, reinforced by the title's allusion to a favourite old weekly radio programme, reveals an interest on Flood's part in the decorative arts style of the 1930s. He shares this predilection with Lichtenstein, who is also reviving thirties *Chrysler Building* forms in his work at present. Edward Paschke, like Flood, is a member of the Chicago based group, The Non Plus His *Red Cowboy* and *Faces* combine a nostalgia for thirties movie posters with one for the comic-strip.

Peter Bodnar, together with Chicago's David Smyth, seems to carry Lichtenstein's formalization a step further. The two artists paint landscapes – Bodnar's include natural features, and Smyth's, industrial elements; but the black outlined colour shapes are so simplified and undetailed that obvious content is all but emptied out. However, it is Nicholas Krushenick who carries the comic strip to the point of abstraction. His paintings, wherein primary colours are divided from each other by even black lines, look like imageless comic strip panels.

Moreover, the shapes Krushenick uses are full of motion. Stripes make up the basic component of his patterns. When these are set diagonally against the picture's vertical and horizontal edges, the composition appears to expand dynamically beyond its edges. The brash colours, anything but quiet, seem to leap right off the wall. Now Jules Feiffer reports that comic book artists continually strained to animate figures until they appeared to jump off the page. Indeed, movies on paper was their dream. Even "clothes would come alive; when a limb was bent, folds sprang up everywhere. Krushenick thus achieves the essence of the comic book, its ACTION!, yet without reliance on its representational means.

Associated in a third cluster of artists who have reacted to the stimulus of the comic strip, are those who have found there a springboard for a more fantastic vision of contemporary life. This third approach is clearly embodied in the art of Peter Saul, who pulls figures, objects, signs, landscapes, and interiors together into a single composition. These forms flow into or grow out of each other in the manner of Arshile Gorky's floral, visceral, and sexual configurations. However, Saul's images are more recognizable than those of the Abstract Expressionist, and they have an amusing character that is closer to Miro's personal Surrealism.

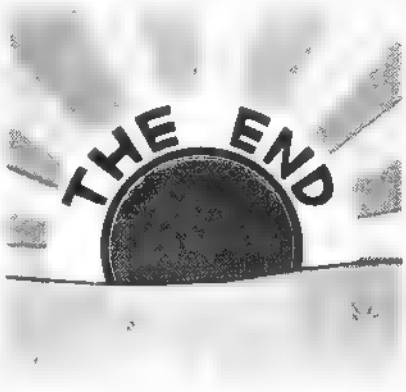
After World War II an admiration for Surrealist works penetrated artistic circles in Chicago to be felt by artists and collectors alike. Later Peter Saul's works were also much in evidence. In 1966 a group of young Chicago artists was launched at the Hyde Park Art Center as The Hairy Who. Gladys Nilsson, James Nutt, Suellen Rocca, and Karl Wirsum issued two Hairy Who comic books to enhance their Hairy Who exhibitions of that and the succeeding year. Although the individual hands may be discerned by those with an *a priori* knowledge of the painters' works, the entries have not been signed, so that the book will better represent a group effort. A banding together for mutual support is not uncharacteristic of artistic life in the Windy City. Philip Hanson and his wife, Christina Ramberg, belong to a group called The False Image, and Edward Flood and Edward Paschke to The Non Plus Some.

Turning the pages of *The Hairy Who Side Show*, 1966, the spectator is overwhelmed by the sight of fragmented images in a shapeless world. Figures are monstrously mutated, waving limbs like amputated stumps. They are beset by tongues and intestines, saliva, mucous, and excrement. Around them float various objects, which may be hats, panties, half-eaten sandwiches, aerosol sprays, as well as words, either sounds, like 'titter', or 'ha ha', or punny phrases, such as 'itches off your waste'. It is a vision of man reduced to his bodily functions, the kind of man American advertising struggles mightily to overcome with all its highly touted preparations for personal hygiene. There is no less evidence of hair in the pictures than there is in the booklet's title. To represent hairy legs is to strike a blow against all the stifling restrictions of good taste. Beyond this lies the whole significance of today's preoccupation with hair. Whereas at the end of the nineteenth century writers and artists conceived of feminine hair as a symbol of woman's sexual power, now long male hair stands for personal vitality, for freedom from the regimented, organizational man look - the butch haircut, besides, is only too associable with Hollywood movie stereotypes of Prussian officers. Moreover, when long hair is conjoined with sandaled feet, thoughts are led to the Early Christians and their existence based on brotherhood and love.

S. Clay Wilson is a West Coast artist who also works in a comic book format. *Drawings by S. Clay Wilson* was published by the San Francisco Comic Book Company in March 1969. The stories, one drawn on each of the booklet's pages, tell of pirates, science fiction monsters, Western Saloons, the Gypsy Bandits (a motorcycle cult group), gangsters, blade freaks (switchblade fighters), and meth freaks (methadrine addicts), although characters from one subject may turn up in another. Furthermore, the stories are depicted by a welter of bodies and events tangled and crammed together, rather than with a series of episodes neatly separated into panels.

The Hairy Who is a kind of pictorial counterpart of Funk Art, a simultaneous development in sculpture on the West Coast. Funk is a term derived from the word 'funky'. Among jazz musicians since the twenties a funky sound was a sound comparable to the unsophisticated music played by the New Orleans marching bands. By extension it characterizes something that comes from the people, outside that generally considered as art or culture. Around 1960 Bruce Conner sometimes referred to the assemblages he was creating from various tacky and ephemeral items as funky. Surprising though it may be that sculptured objects appear in an exhibition of art from comics, many of their perpetrators began their careers as painters. And much of Funk art, although three dimensional, was as closely related in its beginnings to recent traditions in painting, especially the art of Miro, as that of the painters in this third group. However, the sculptor's shapes did not emulate actual forms. They were what used to be termed free forms. Because they did not assume any specific shape, the objects were especially open to suggestion, which was often erotic. Not only were they shapeless, it was important that the objects also be homely, or dumb.

At the time of the Funk Art exhibition in 1967 a new sense of precision was observed in Funk objects. Oddly, often reference to the comic strips has become apparent as well. Robert Hudson has sent to the exhibition sculpture with non-objective, comic strip like embellishments; James Melchert's chess board sports pieces with a comic strip look. Wittiest of all, David Gilhooly presents ceramic pots on which he has translated the Greek myths into comic strips. After all, when the archaic Greek 'vases' were created, they were containers made for use in everyday life, and on them the people's myths were told in bands of stylized, flat coloured, black outlined figures. It can be argued that western art has come around full circle.



BROTHERS of the SPEAR

TREACHERY in ABA-ZULU

IN THE HIDDEN LAND OF ABA-ZULU, MUVUBU, EX-KEEPER OF THE ROYAL SEAL, HAS BEEN ON TRIAL...
THE PRISONER, MUVUBU, HAS BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF SECRETLY PRACTICING BLACK MAGIC FOR PERSONAL GAIN! WHAT SHALL BE HIS PUNISHMENT, O ROYAL JUDGES OF ABA-ZULU!
IMPRISONMENT FOR A YEAR—
—AND AFTER THAT, BANISHMENT FROM OUR KINGDOM!
TAKE HIM AWAY, AND LET HIM SPEAK TO NO ONE BUT HIS JAILER!
YOU'LL GET BREAD AND WATER TWICE A DAY, MUVUBU!
GIVE HIM A DRINK NOW, JAILER!
TIP ME UP AND GIVE MUVUBU A DRINK!
THE —THE WATER JAR! IT SPOKE!
BETTER DO AS IT SAYS, THEN, JAILER!
MUVUBU'S ART OF VOICE-THROWING SOON HAS THE JAILER AFRAID TO DISOBEY...
PUT ME INSIDE THE CELL FOR MUVUBU TO SIT ON, JAILER!
URK—! THE STOOL!

MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE, ON THE PALACE WALL, THE YOUNG QUEENS, TAVANE AND ZULENA, WATCH THEIR HUSBANDS LEAD THE TROOPS OF ABA-ZULU OUT TO WAR GAMES...

I AM GLAD THIS IS ONLY PRACTICE, ZULENA! WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH BLOODSHED IN THE PAST!

WE MAY SEE IT AGAIN, TAVANE! BUT OUR MEN WILL WIN—AS ALWAYS!

AND BELOW, MUYUBU HAS LAID PLANS FOR ESCAPE AND REVENGE...

UNLOCK THE DOOR AND LEAVE ME YOUR *SPEAR*, AND THEN GET OUT OF MY SIGHT—OR I'LL TURN YOU INTO A MONKEY!

Y-YES, O FATHER OF MAGIC!

SOON A HEAVY FORBIDDEN DOOR YIELDS TO THE SCHEMER...

AH! THE ROYAL MASTER KEY—WHICH I COPIED LONG AGO—WORKS ON THIS DOOR, TOO!

AND LATER, DEEP BENEATH THE CITY...

THE TOMBS OF A FORGOTTEN RACE, GONE BEFORE OUR PEOPLE CAME TO THIS VALLEY! BUT THEY DO NOT INTEREST ME!

THIS PASSAGE LEADS TO AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF CAVERNS! BUT SOME OF THEM ARE MAPPED... AND ONE HAS AN OUTLET, BEYOND THE CITY!

DAYS LATER, AS THE WAR GAMES CONTINUE INTO THE SUNSET...
THE HORNS OF THE WHITE ARMY WILL PIERCE THE RED RANKS, NATONGO!
UNLESS THE RED ARMY CAN CRUSH THEM! THEY ARE EVENLY MATCHED, MY BROTHER!
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF ABA-ZULU'S MOUNTAIN BARRIER, A SAVAGE HORDE DANCES IN VICTORY OVER THEIR LATE ENEMIES...
HUUU! HAA-HEE! HUUU!
SUDDENLY...
POOF!
AS THE SMOKE BEGINS TO CLEAR...
I AM MUVUBU THE WIZARD! OBEY ME AND ALL MEN WILL FLEE FROM YOU! DISOBEY—AND YOUR BONES WILL WHITEN IN THE SUN—!!

NEXT DAY, IN THE PALACE GARDENS OF ABA-ZULU...
TOMORROW THE WAR GAMES WILL BE OVER, ZULENA! DAN-EL AND NATONGO WILL BE HOME FOR A WHILE!
THEY MAY EVEN RETURN TONIGHT, TAVANE!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
HELP! ENEMIES IN THE PALACE!!
HELP! PALACE GUARD—HELP!
TAVANE!! WHO—? WHAT—?!
SAVAGES—FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS!
BACK! TOUCH NOT THESE WOMEN! THEY ARE WORTH MORE TO ME ALIVE THAN DEAD!
HUU! BACK! THEY ARE MUVUBU'S!
MUVUBU! CONDEMNED FOR WITCHCRAFT!
INTO THE PALACE, QUICKLY! I CANNOT PROTECT YOU OUT HERE!
I SEE! WE ARE VALUABLE AS HOSTAGES! BUT BEWARE, TRAITOR!... BEWARE THE WRATH OF YOUR KINGS—DAN-EL AND NATONGO!

AT ABA-ZULU'S CITY GATE, TRUSTED GUARDS STILL REMAIN...
DAN-EL AND NATONGO! LET US IN QUIETLY, WARDER! THE ARMY FOLLOWS!
AYE, MY KING! WE WERE HOPING YOU WOULD COME QUICKLY!
WHAT NEWS OF OUR QUEENS?
THE SAVAGES HOLD THEM HOSTAGE AND OCCUPY THE PALACE GROUNDS, O DAN-EL! WE DARE NOT ATTACK LEST THEIR MAJESTIES BE HARMED!
NATONGO AND I WILL TRY TO ENTER THE PALACE UNSEEN! IF YOU HEAR NOTHING FROM US BY THE TIME THE ARMY ARRIVES, TELL THEM—
—TELL THEM TO ATTACK, FOR WE SHALL ALL BE PAST HELP!
TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, O MY LORDS!
THAT IS THE POOL! IF WE CAN JUST PASS THOSE SLEEPING CANNIBALS...
BUT ONE IS NOT ASLEEP..
EEYOW! ENEMY—!!

LATE THAT DAY AN EXHAUSTED RUNNER REACHES THE ARMY'S TRAINING GROUNDS ...
DAN-EL! MAJESTIES! THE QUEENS-- (GASP)... CAPTURED--
WHAT--?!
GET YOUR BREATH, MAN! TELL ME CAREFULLY!
SAVAGES, FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS... ENTERED PALACE... CAPTURED THE QUEENS... REPULSED THE GUARD! THEY DEMAND MUVUBU BE MADE RULER... OR THE QUEENS DIE--
HE IS DEAD, NATONGO! HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO WARN US! YOU HEARD HIS WORDS?
I HEARD, MY BROTHER! LET US GO, ON OUR TWO SWIFT BEASTS! NOW!
AS DARKNESS FALLS...
THROW AWAY EVERY WEIGHT, EXCEPT OUR SPEARS!
AYE, DAN-EL! ARMOR WILL NOT HELP US! HAVE YOU ANY PLAN?
WE WILL USE THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, NATONGO, THAT LEADS TO THE ROYAL SUITE! ONCE THERE WE CAN LEARN WHERE TAVANE AND ZULENA ARE HELD!

FOLLOW ME, NATONGO—
KILL!
EEYAH! SPEAR THEM!
DIVE DEEP!
I HOPE NATONGO DID NOT MISS THIS TUNNEL LEADING FROM THE POOL!
AH! I HEAR YOU, NATONGO, THOUGH IT IS TOO DARK TO SEE!
PHOOOF!
SPLASH!
WHERE ARE WE NOW, PAN-EL?
BENEATH THE PALACE! THIS STAIRWAY LEADS UP TO THE QUEENS' ROOMS!
IN TAVANE'S BEDROOM...
FEAR NOT, ZULENA! WORD MUST HAVE REACHED PAN-EL AND NATONGO!
WHAT CAN THEY DO, MY SISTER? IF THEY ATTACK, WE SHALL BE THE FIRST TO DIE!

JUST THEN, THROUGH A WALL PANEL, SILENTLY OPENED...
SHHH! BE QUIET!
GASP!
DAN-EL— MY MAN!
COME! IF MUVUBU LOOKS AROUND, WE ARE LOST!
YEEOW!! ENEMIES! THEY'VE FREED THE WOMEN! SPEAR THEM—!!
HUUU! KILL!
KILL! THERE ARE ONLY TWO!
STOP THEM! KILL—!
BAH! THEY ARE THREE TO ONE—YET AFRAID TO CLOSE WITH US!
CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!
THEY'LL CHOP THAT PANEL THROUGH!
IN A MOMENT OR TWO—YES! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR BELOW!
THE DOOR TO THE TOMBS! ONLY MY ROYAL KEY WILL OPEN IT— UNLESS MUVUBU HAS MADE A COPY!
HURRY! THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH ABOVE!
CLICK!

WAIT TILL I CLOSE THE DOOR, AND WE'LL HAVE SOME LIGHT!
LIGHT?! FROM WHERE?
FLINT AND STEEL—TINDER—AND CANDLE STUBS DAN-EL AND I BROUGHT IN OUR LOIN CLOTHS! THIS BOX KEPT THE TINDER DRY!
A KNIFE POINT JAMMED IN THE KEYHOLE WILL STOP MUVUBU, FOR A WHILE!
DO YOU KNOW MUVUBU HAS COPIED YOUR ROYAL KEY, DAN-EL?
SNAP!
HE MUST HAVE DONE SO, TAVANE! AS KEEPER OF THE ROYAL SEAL, HE HAD CHARGE OF IT! AND HOW ELSE COULD HE HAVE BROUGHT HIS SAVAGE ALLIES IN, EXCEPT THROUGH THE CAVERNS AND THIS DOOR!
SHORTLY...
SEE, MY BROTHER—THE TRAIL OF THE SAVAGE HORDE, COMING FROM THE MOUNTAINSIDE ENTRANCE—THE HOLE WE FOUND YEARS AGO!
AYE, NATONGO! BUT THERE IS A NEARER WAY OUT, UNDER THE LEANING ROCKS!

THE PASSAGEWAY GROWS STEEP, DAN-EL! WE MUST BE NEAR THE SURFACE!
WE ARE, TAVANE! BUT I DO NOT LIKE THESE LOOSE STONES! THERE MAY HAVE BEEN A ROCK SLIDE ABOVE US!
IT IS PLUGGED, DAN-EL, BY A ROCK SLIDE! WE MUST GO BACK!
LISTEN! I HEAR VOICES IN THE CAVERNS BEHIND US! THE SAVAGES!
A-HEEE! HUUU-U-U!
THEY HAVE FOLLOWED OUR CANDLE SMOKE! WE ARE TRAPPED—!
TRAPPED? NOT YET, ZULENA!
LOOK! THE STONES ARE LOOSE— NOT PACKED BY ANY GREAT WEIGHT ON TOP! SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY SMALL ROCK SLIDE THAT CLOSED THIS PASSAGE TO THE SURFACE!
YOU MAY BE RIGHT—
THERE THEY ARE! ABOVE—AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE! KILL—!!
HERE IT GOES—!
YEOW! THE MOUNTAIN FALLS!!
FOOLS! GO ON! THEY ARE ONLY STONES!
BUMP!
THUMP!

FRESH AIR—MOONLIGHT! OH, ZULENA, WE'RE OUT!
OUT BUT NOT SAFE! TAKE OUR SPEARS AND SHOVE DOWN THAT BIGGEST BOULDER! NATONGO AND I WILL HOLD THE ENEMY IN THE HOLE TILL THEN!
DON'T MISS, DAN-EL! IF MORE THAN FOUR GET OUT, WE CAN'T HOLD THEM!
WE CAN'T MOVE IT—IT'S TOO—BIG—
KEEP—TRYING! FOR OUR MEN!
DAN-EL! NATONGO! RUN—! IT'S FALLING—
OOOH, ZULENA!
TARZAN 3A-#51-6IN-(65)

IT CAUGHT THEM, DAN-EL!
AND MUVUBU WITH THEM—!
KER-RUMP!
IT IS OVER, DAN-EL—LIKE A BAD DREAM! BUT WHAT NOW? THE SAVAGE HORDE STILL HOLDS THE PALACE!
NOT FOR LONG, TAVANE! WE LEFT ORDERS FOR THE ARMY TO ATTACK! THE FIGHT MAY BE ON NOW!
AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE PALACE...
MUUU! WHERE IS MUVUBU? MUVUBU HAS DECEIVED US! WE DIE!
FOR DAN-EL AND NATONGO!
FOR ABA-ZULU... FIGHT!!
LATER, WITH THE ENEMY DEAD OR FLED...
SEARCH!! LEAVE NO CORNER OVERLOOKED FOR THEIR MAJESTIES—ALIVE OR DEAD!! OR FOR MUVUBU—MAY HIS OWN WITCHCRAFT SLAY HIM!
WE LIVE, GENERAL MOTHIBI—AND MUVUBU THE TRAITOR HAS PERISHED!
AH—NOW ALL IS WELL IN ABA-ZULU!
THE END-

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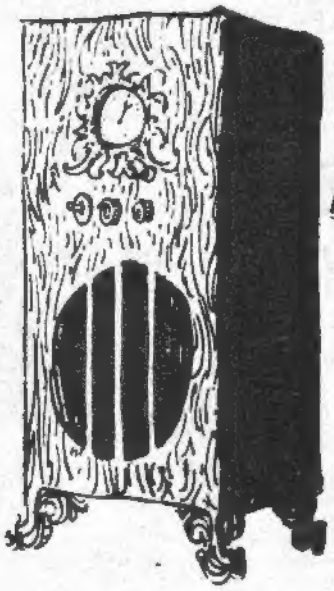

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Editor's Note: This issue's cover is a fine example of what you will receive, but dedicated to YOU.